The Children in the Wood.

A COMIC OPERA In TWO ACTS

for the

Piano-Forte, Harpsichord, Violin &c.

as Performed at the

Theatre Royal Haymarket,

the Music Composed by

Op: 35.

Dr. ARNOLD.

Pr: 8s.

Organist & Composer to His Majesty.

LONDON:

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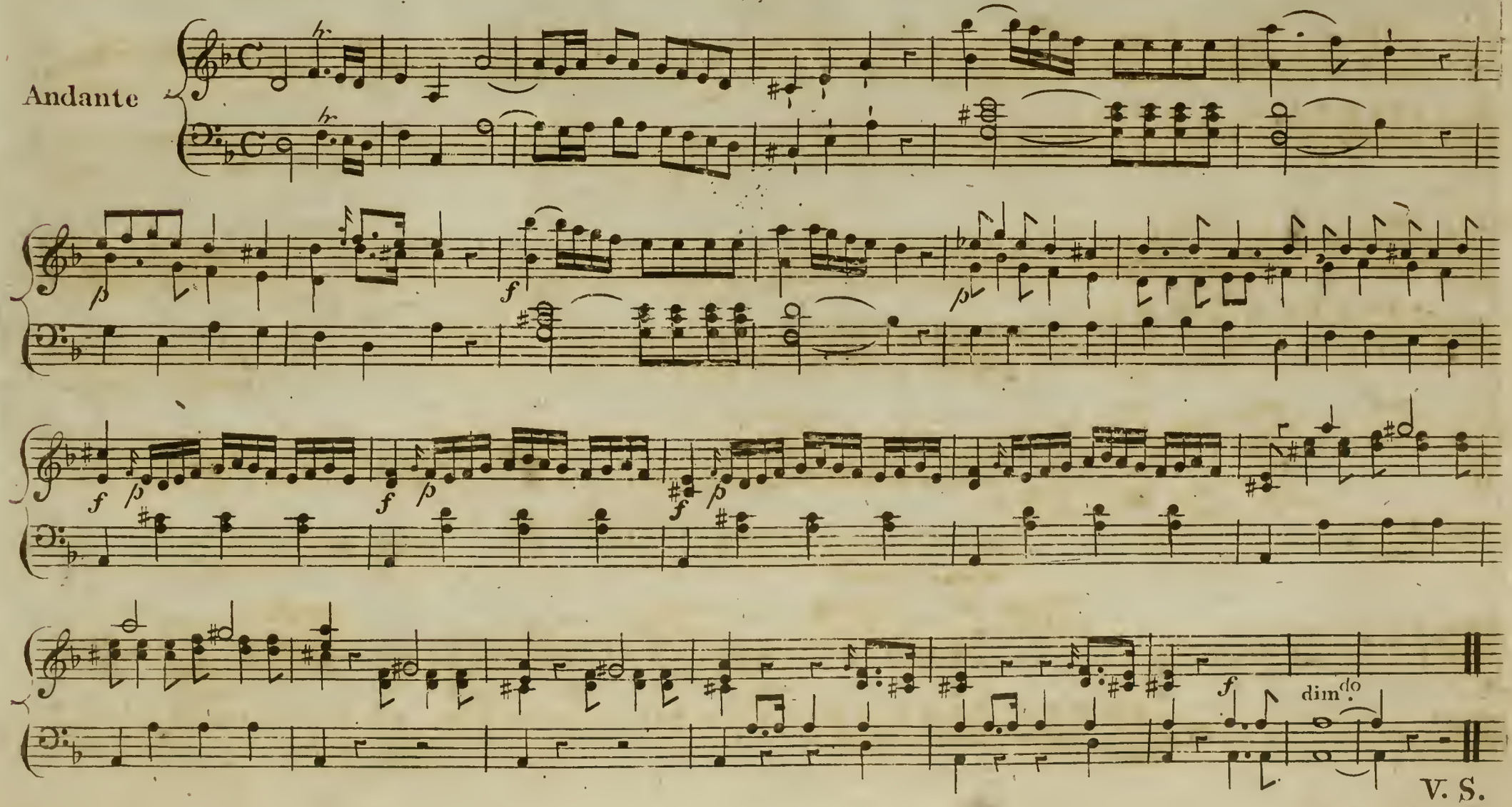
ALFRED WHITTINGHAM,
DEALER IN
Ancient and Modern Music,
and Musical Treatises,

OVERTURE to the CHILDREN in the WOOD

adapted to the

PIANO FORTE or HARPSICHORD

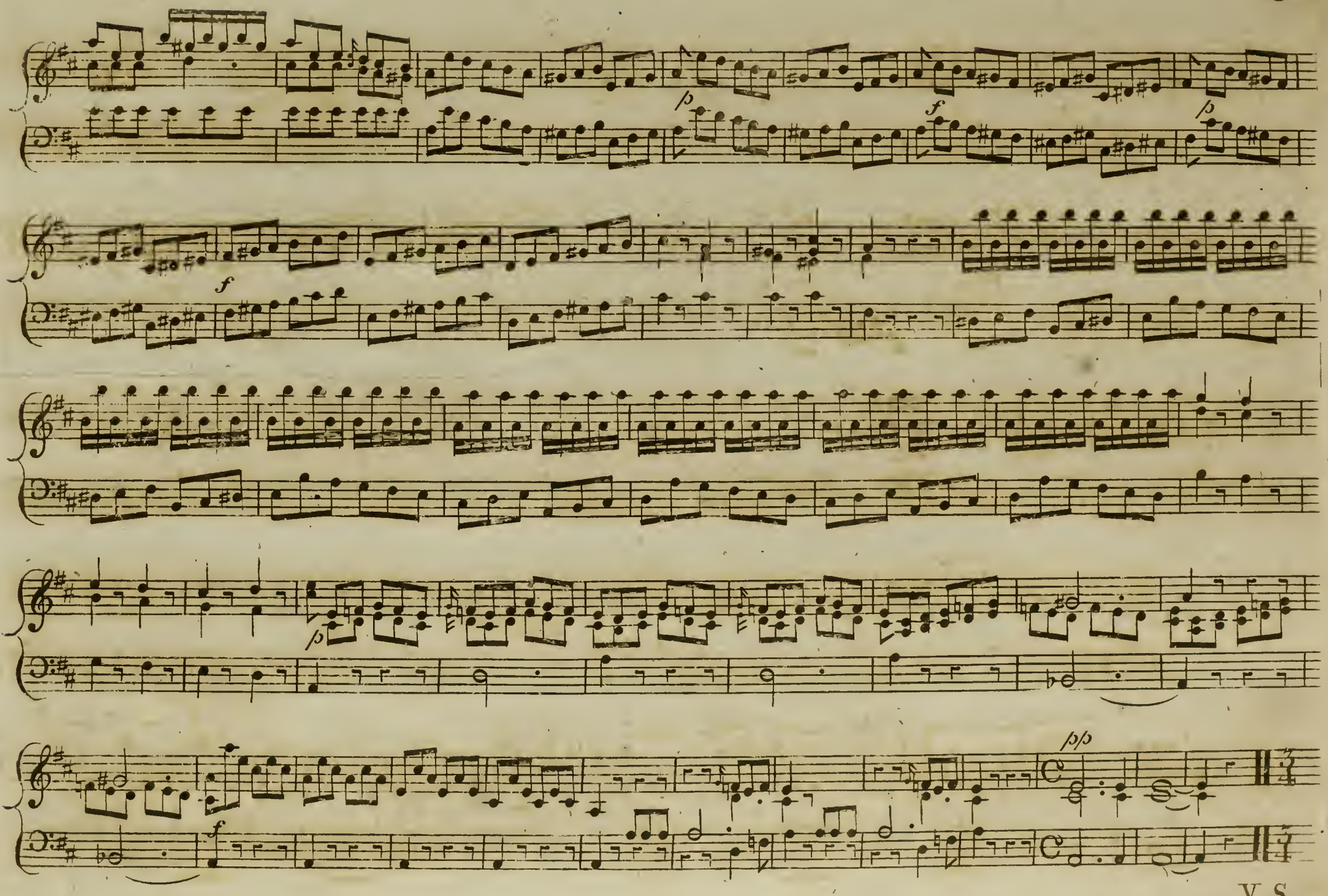
Andante



V. S.

Allegro

p *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*



V. S.

Corni

Solo Violin

Slow

tutti

hr

hr

Trumpet folo

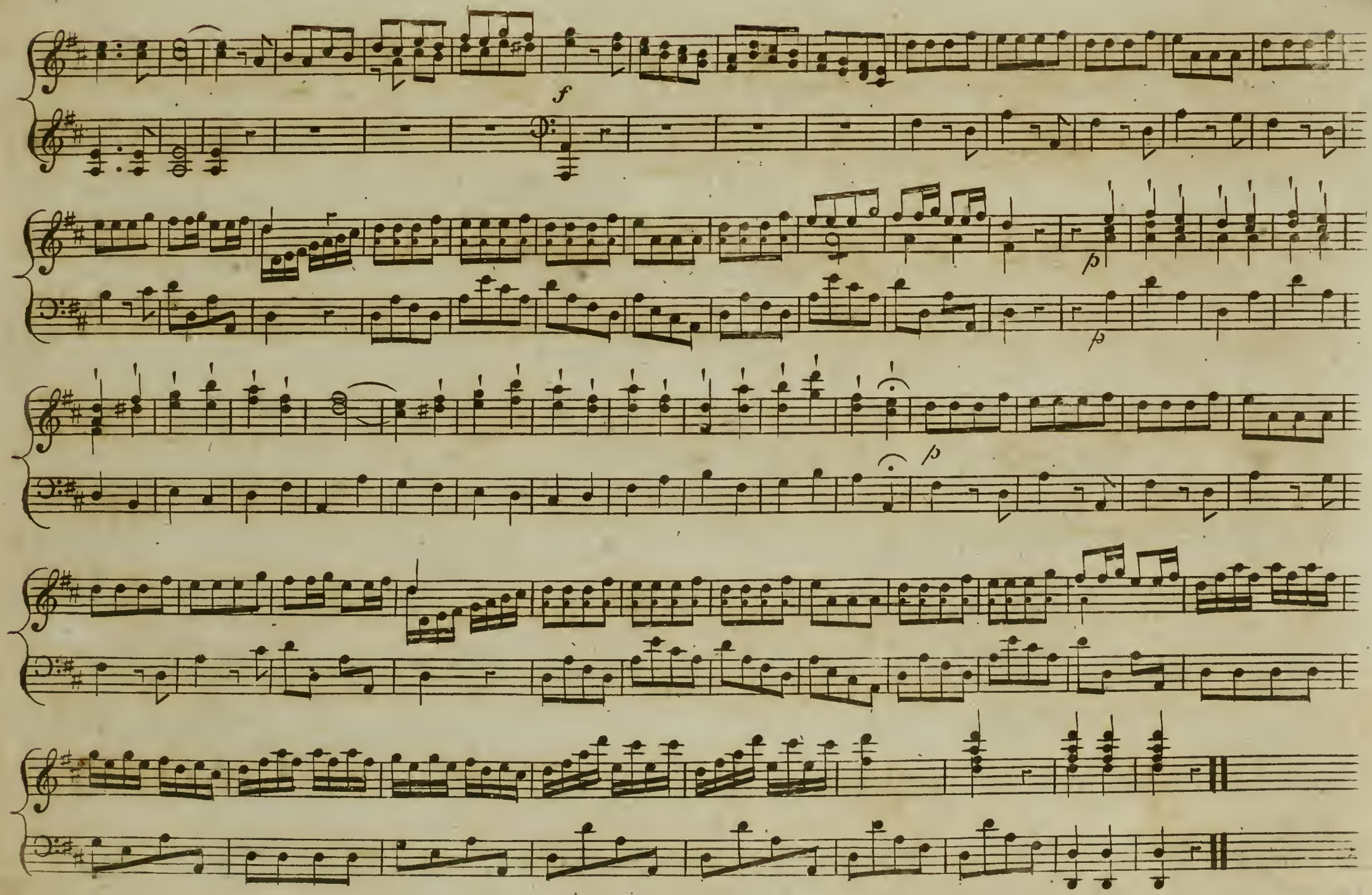
tutti

Vivace

hr hr hr hr hr hr

Hautboy and ſmall Flute

V.S.


f
p
p
p

Sung by Mrs Bland.

Affettuoso

fp *f*

JOSEPHINE.

When Love gets you fast in her clutches, And you sigh for your Sweet-heart away, Old TIME cannot

p

move without crutches, A-lack! how he hobbles Well-a-day! Well a-day! Well a-day! Well a-

mf *p*

Slower Tempo

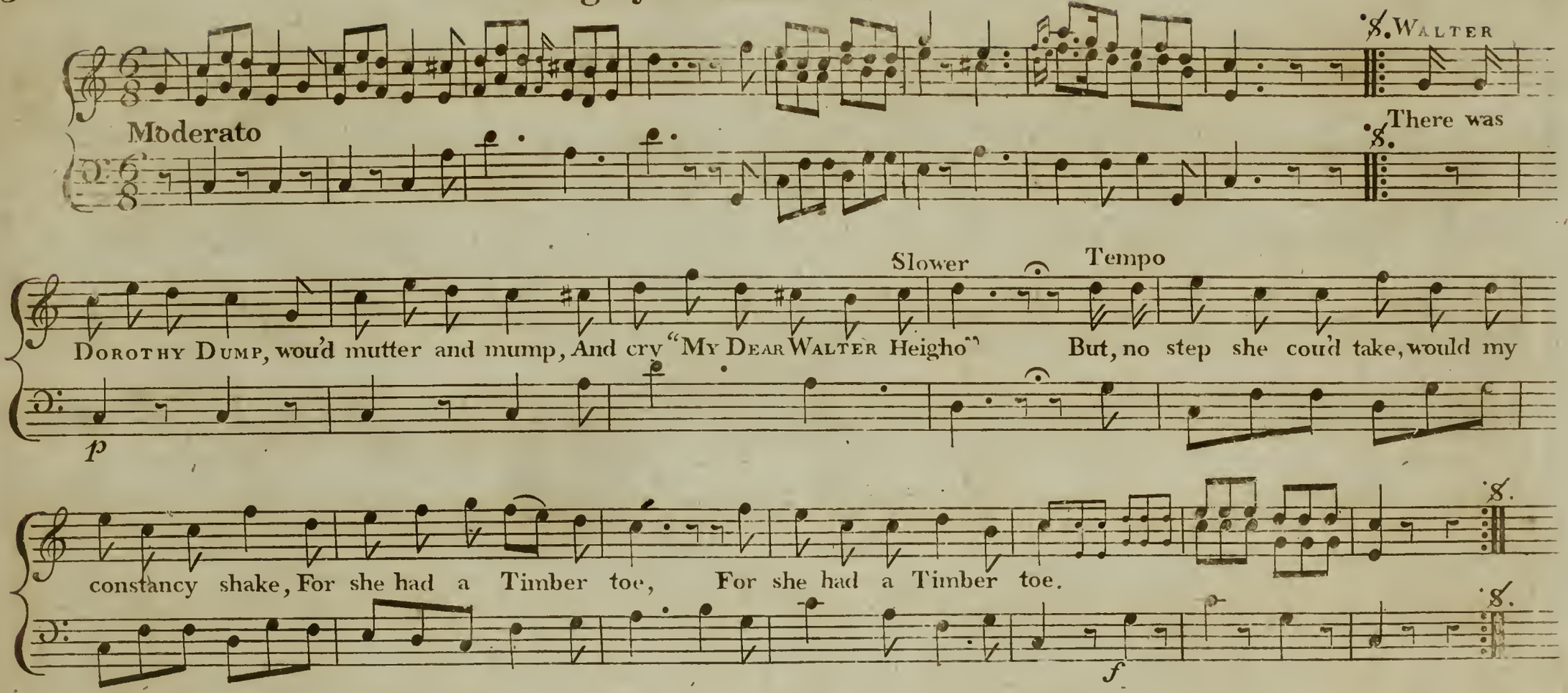
-day! Well a-day! A-lack! how he hobbles well-a-day.

sf p *sf p* *f*

2

But when WALTER my trembling hand touches,
And Love's colouring o'er my cheeks stray
Old Time throws aside both his crutches,
Alack! how he gallops, Well-a-day!

Sung by Mr. Bannister Junr.



2

There was DOROTHY ROSE, with her Aquiline nose
Who cried "for you WALTER I die"
But I laugh'd at each glance, she threw me askanse
For she had a gimblet eye.

3

There was TABITHA TWIST, had a mind to be kiss'd,
And made on my heart an attack;
But her love I derided, for she was lop-sided,
And cursedly warp'd in the back.

4

There was BARBARA BRIAN, who was always a crying,
"Dear Youth put an end to my woes"
But to save in her head, all the tears that she shed
Nature gave her a Bottle nose.

Moderato

Josephine

Young Simon in his lovely Sue be-held a darling treasure, Young

Boy

Simon in his lovely Sue be-held a darling trea-sure, The toilsome day be--fore him flew, For

Josephine

Love makes Labour pleasure, The toilsome day be-fore him flew, For toil makes Love a pleasure. Oh

Boy

fie dear Boy can't you discern, 'tis Love makes Labour pleasure; Oh yes dear Girl, I soon shall learn, that

Boy

Josephine

Josephine Boy Josephine Boy. Josephine Boy

Love makes Labour pleasure, Oh fie, Oh yes, dear Boy, dear Girl, Oh fie can't you discern, Oh

yes dear Girl I ſoon ſhall learn, that Love makes Labour pleasure. Recit^ve Boy But I am loath to ſour ſweet Music's

A Tempo Primo

Josephine Both Josephine

ſtrain, ſhall we be-gin. Yes We will begin again! Young Simon in his lovely Sue be-

Boy Josephine Young

-held a darling treasure, The toilsome day be-fore him flew, for Love makes Labour plea--sure. Young

2d. Violin

Si_ _mon in his love_ly Sue be_ _held a darling treasure,

Josephine

Si_ _mon in his love_ly Sue be_ _held a darling treasure, The toilsome day be_

Josephine

Boy

_fore him flew, For Love makes Labour pleasure, For Love, for Love, for Love makes Labour

For Love, for Love, for Love makes Labour

mf p mf p mf p

pleasure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure, for Love makes labour plea_ _ _

pleasure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure, for Love makes labour plea_ _ _

mf. p cres

mf f

_sure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure.

_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ sure, labour pleasure, labour pleasure.

f

Sung by Mrs. Bland and Mr. Suett.

Josephine

Great Sir con - - fider my honor is fteady

Apathy

Great Sir con - - fider the

An humble do - meſtic is not worth your care

Dinner is ready

Dear Sir give me leave to pre -

An humble do - meſtic is not worth your care An humble do - - - meſtic is

- ſent the Bill of fare dear Sir give me leave to pre - ſent the Bill of fare dear Sir give me leave to pre -

not worth your care, take a Lady with Honor If handsome and young

- sent the Bill of fare Here's Tongue and Mutton what a

dreſs'd in Boddice ſo fine, and in Kir - tle ſo tasty

feast for a glutton with Bitten and Quails and a Ven' - son

dreſs'd in Boddice ſo fine, and in Kirtle ſo tasty, dreſs'd in Boddice ſo fine, and in Kirtle ſo tasty, But

pasty with Bitten and Quails, and a Ven' - son pasty, with Bitten and Quails, and a Ven' - son pasty,

ah Sir be-ware of Jealou-sy Or else you will prove by your Care your

and mustard

a Goose and a Bustard

Love is too hot my fame you wou'd blot my fame you'd

The Mutton will be ſpoil'd and the Pig will be ſpoil'd

blot, my fame you'd blot, Believe me great Sir, to my honor I'm ſteady,

the Pig be ſpoil'd the Pig be ſpoil'd and be-

mf

Be - lieve me great Sir to my honor I'm fteady, be -

- lieve me great Sir, the dinner is ready, be - lieve me great Sir the dinner is ready, and be -

mf

- lieve me great Sir, to my honor I'm fteady, be - lieve me great Sir to my honor I'm fteady, to my

- lieve me great Sir, the dinner is ready, be - lieve me great Sir the dinner is ready, the

honor I'm fteady, to my honor I'm fteady.

dinner is ready, the dinner is ready.

f

Sung by Mifs Menage. The Girl.

Moderato

Flagelet

Violino 1.mo

Violino 2.do

Voce

Bafsi

p

See Brother see on yon der bough

p

The Robin sits

hark I hear it now

liften Brother to the Note from pretty Robin redbreasts throat liften Brother to the

Note from pretty Robin red breasts throat

Tender

f p

Sweetest Bird that e - ver flew, whistle Robin loodle loo

f p

whistle Robin loodle loo whistle Robin loodle loo, whistle Robin loodle

loo dear Robin, dear Robin. Sweetest Bird that e - ver flew, whistle

Robin loodle loo, whistle Robin, loodle

loo, whistle Robin loodle loo, whistle Robin loodle loo, loodle loo,

loodle loo, loodle loo, loodle loo.

Sung by Mifs De Camp

Lady Alton

Affettuoso

Clarinet Solo

Mark the true teſt of Paſsion where a Lo - - - - ver is nigh It's

hue is the Roſe its Language a ſigh its hue is the

Rose its _ _ _ _ _ _ Language a sigh! a sigh! a sigh!

But where doubts in_ter_vene and no Lo_ _ver is nigh, Then its hue is the

Lilly its_ Language a sigh then its hue is_ _ the Lilly its_ _ _ _ _

ad lib.

Language a sigh a sigh a sigh.

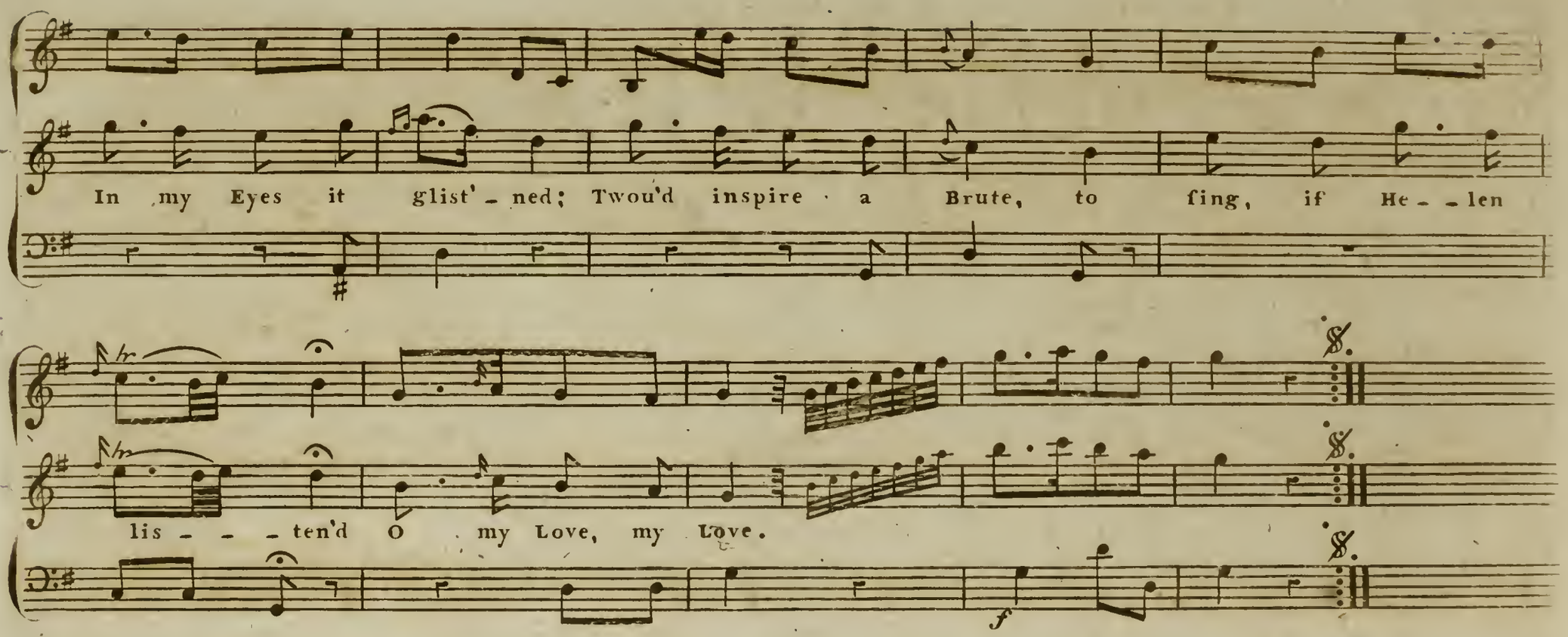
Sung by Mr. Dignum.

Lord Alford.

Tender

When first to Helen's lute I fung as fhe play'd to me, How came these then to

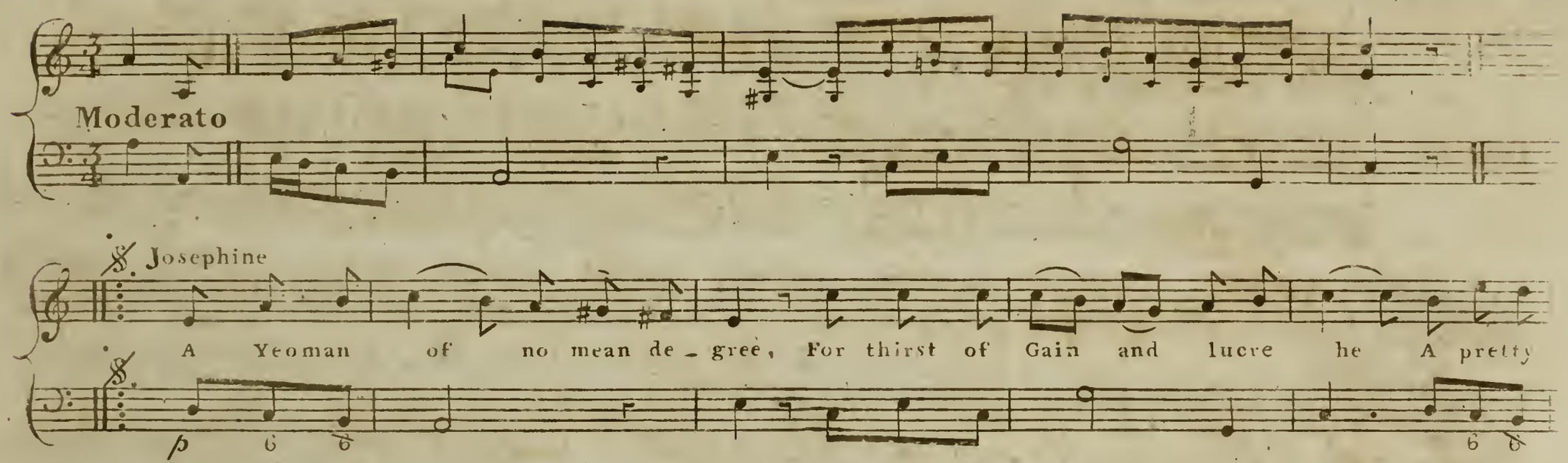
fhoot A thril_ling fense all thro' me? O 'twas Love, 'twas Love!



2

Why cull I with delight
This ditty's plaintive Numbers,
To wrap my fair in night,
And soothe my Helen's slumbers.
O, 'tis Love, 'tis Love!
Lullaby, my dearest,
Care from thee take flight,
And peace thy heart be nearest!
O, my Love, my Love!

The DITTY. Sung by M.rs Bland.



2

To vex him to his heart's content,
To him the murdered babe was ſent;
Full blue appear'd the candle flame,
And a knocking at the window came.

3

His conſcience ſorely ſmited him,
And made him tremble every limb;
With that the ghoſt began to roar,
And ſtraightways burſted ope' the door.

FINALE. Sung by M.rs Bland, Mifs De Camp, M.r Dignum, and M.r Bannister Jun.r

Vivace

Solo Walter

Have I fav'd this Girl and Boy, Is't fo un - der - - stood Sirs; May I hollow

now for Joy, Are we out of the Wood Sirs?

Chorus

Have we fav'd this Girl and Boy,

Is't fo un - der - - stood Sirs; May we hollow now for Joy, Are we out of the Wood Sirs?

p Solo Lord Alton

Pro - vi - dence has ſmil'd on me, happy I as may be a Father here, at either knee a

Cho:

rofy dimpled baby Have we ſav'd this Girl and Boy, iſt ſo under - - - ſtood Sirs,

Lady Alton

may we hollow now for joy are we out of the wood Sirs? Fulleſt mine of mothers bliſs

fuller nought can make it, ſince all to night, who witneſs this, ſeem kindly to par - take it, ſince all to night who

witnefs this, feem kindly to par - take it. Cho.s Have we fav'd this Girl and Boy, Is't fo un - d

- ftood Sirs, May we hollow now for joy, Are we out of the Wood Sirs. Now my Walter I fhall wed, Solo Josephine

Gay my heart and light Sirs, And I my Girl have made a Bed, To fit us right and tight Sirs. Walter Now my Walter Josephine

I fhall wed, Gay my heart and light Sirs, And I my Girl have made a Bed, To fit us right and tight Sirs. Walter

Bdc 52.

Chos

Have we fav'd this Girl and Boy, Is't fo un-der-stood Sirs,

May we hol-low now for joy, Are we out of the Wood Sirs;

Have we fav'd this Girl and Boy, Is't fo un-der-stood Sirs,

May we hollow now for joy, Are we out of the Wood Sirs.

Hurra